



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., May, 1884.

No. 5.

**The Last Chapter in the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina—
Administration of D. H. Chamberlain.**

By F. A. PORCHER, President South Carolina Historical Society.

PAPER NO. 2.

Daniel H. Chamberlain is, I believe, a native of Massachusetts. In the triennial catalogue of Yale College, among the graduates in 1862, are the names of D. H. Chamberlain and W. H. Kempton, the notorious financial agent of the State. After the war was over Chamberlain was on John's Island, where he undertook to plant cotton. When the Reconstruction Convention was called by Satrap Canby, Chamberlain sat in that body, and when the State was reconstructed in pursuance of the new constitution he was elected to the post of Attorney-General, a post which he held until 1872. During the next two years he seems to have lived in private life in Columbia, attending to the bar, his profession.

If it were possible I would gladly insert a paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in February, 1877, for a minute and graphic view of the condition of South Carolina under the misrule of Scott and

Moses. It is a paper which might have been written by a Carolina Democrat writhing under the humiliation which the wretched state of the country caused him. It was written in the interest of Chamberlain, if not by himself, then under his direction and supervision. Its object was to expose all the evils of Radical misrule, and by this showing they were enormous. It was to be inferred that they came to an end with his election, and that he was the prophet and leader who was to solve the difficult problem of harmonizing the races and evolving order out of chaos, and that the opposition to his administration was the outbreak of the spirit of rebellion and mischief which was ever rankling in the Southern heart. The essay is able, artful and plausible; but it ignores some facts which would give a very different color to the case, and put him to a very serious examination. One of these is that the want of harmony between the races was in great part the work of the Radicals, who for their own selfish ends had carefully, industriously and ceaselessly fomented the spirit of dissatisfaction among the blacks, and the paper does not tell how far Chamberlain was responsible for the Radical misrule, which he so ably describes and denounces.

The Legislature with apparent wisdom had entrusted all the great interests of the State to commissions, each of which was to be supervised and directed by an advisory board. Of each of these advisory boards the Attorney-General was a member, either *ex-officio* or by special appointment. Now all of these commissions were steeped in corruption, and it could not be but that the Attorney-General must have known of this corruption, had sanctioned, had perhaps profited by it. First of these swindling jobs was the Land Commission, whose specious object was to provide lands for the landless, but whose actual performance was the robbing of the State to the amount of nearly a million of dollars. This precious job was managed by a philanthropist from New York by the name of Leslie. This swindler, encouraged by his success, grew bold enough, when attacked for his corruption in the Legislature, to defy his adversaries, and to threaten so to unmask their frauds as to send them to the penitentiary. Another charge was that as Attorney-General he had advised the misapplication and consented to a disadvantageous sale of the agricultural land scrip granted to the State by Congress, whereby the State lost a very large sum of money. A third charge was that as a member of the advisory board he was responsible for the action of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund by which more than a hundred thousand dollars were expended without any benefit to the

State ; and, further, that it was his motion and his influence which had made H. H. Kempton the financial agent of the State and the convenient agent of all the frauds of the party in power.

It was not only the opposition which took these exceptions against Chamberlain. About two years later, when he was giving offence to his party by his apparent zeal for reform, Judge Carpenter distinctly charged him with being the author and contriver of all these abuses against which the reforming Governor was so loudly protesting, and he also added that the tax bill of 1875, which went little short of confiscation, was the work of Chamberlain himself, and that he made seeming efforts to have it modified so as to secure the good will of the Democratic party as a reformer. With these damning facts before them, Chamberlain was elected by an immense majority. It is a marked feature in the history of the Republican party in this State that no loss of popularity or of influence follows the proof of corruption—nay, the power of the person so denounced and convicted seemed rather to rise ; and why should he suffer when Leslie did not deign to deny that he was a rogue, and Henly even boasted of it.

THE LEGISLATURE.

When the Legislature met the first act of the House of Representatives was to elect as their Speaker the negro adventurer R. K. Elliott. This bold, bad man had arrived in South Carolina in the train of the Northern army. Well educated, he resolved to make this State his abiding place and the field of his operations. He professed to have in view the elevation of his own race, but committed the fatal mistake of supposing that this was to be accomplished by raising them to high places without regard to their qualifications, never reflecting that when improperly elevated their glaring faults would only expose the fallacy of their pretensions and inflict on the whole race a still deeper stigma. He had served in the late Congress, but declined a reelection in order to become a member of the Legislature of his adopted State. This apparent desertion of a higher for a lower place boded no good for the State. He had discovered that in Congress he was a very little man, but at home he was a power, and he could make what terms he chose for himself. As soon as the House of Representatives met he was chosen Speaker, and this choice proclaimed that the conflict of races was a foregone conclusion.

When the votes for Governor were counted Chamberlain was

found to be elected by a majority of more than eleven thousand. He went into office on the 1st December. His inaugural address astonished everybody. It declared his intention to carry out the principle of reform which was a main feature of the platform of his party. It might have been a set of words, of course, signifying nothing. But the speech showed such an intimate knowledge of the condition of the State, such a convincing sense of the corruptions which had disgraced the party that ruled it, and so earnestly urged the reform of abuses, that the Republicans were alarmed, fearing that the man of their choice might prove a traitor, and the Conservatives hoped that he might prove a powerful ally. All parties waited for time to show the stuff of which the new Governor was made. In the meantime Elliott had given a distinct intimation of his official conduct. By the death of Judge Graham during the past summer there was a vacancy in the First judicial district, which must be immediately filled. Prominent among the candidates was Elliott's favorite, W. H. Whipper, a clever but ignorant negro, who like Elliott had come into the State after the war. He was by profession a lawyer, by practice a gambler and swindler, and this was the man whom the extremists of the Republican party desired to clothe with the ermine. The Governor seemed to regard him with ineffable disgust, and entered into the contest with so much zeal and energy that Mr. Reid, of Anderson, was elected, and the people of Charleston spared the humiliation of seeing a bad negro on their circuit bench.

The satisfaction caused by this salutary interference of the Governor was so great that the Conservatives accepted with patience his next public acts, which were, indeed, of a very questionable character. One was the appointment of Timothy Henly as Treasurer of Charleston. This notorious adventurer came to South Carolina with the Union League in his carpet-bag, out of which he made a fortune for himself. Excessively vulgar, but of a jovial and genial temperament, he insinuated himself into the society and tolerance of men who ought not to have forgotten their self-respect. He unblushingly proclaimed himself a rogue, and claimed, and even received credit for his frankness. It is said that he had little to do with robbing the public treasury. His genius lay in his powers of persuasion; an able lobbyist, he corrupted the members of the Legislature, acting as broker for all who had jobs to carry. He received their money, transacted their business and pocketed his commissions. It is no scandal to call him a rogue, for so he called

himself, and this was the Treasurer that the Governor gave to Charleston.

The next act revealed a weakness in the Governor which showed that his reform principles were not proof against powerful influences.

The Legislature was anxious to take a recess for Christmas, but the members were without money, and there was no money in the treasury from which they could be paid. An act was accordingly passed to appropriate one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that purpose. This act was a violation not only of the Constitution, but of all sound principles of legislation, and it was confidently expected that it would be rejected by the Governor. After a painful suspense he returned it approved, but with a mild protest against such unusual and unconstitutional legislation, as well as against its extravagant provisions, all of which he was willing to overlook rather than subject the members to personal inconvenience. This was much worse than a simple approval would have been. It showed that he acted with a full knowledge of his conduct. Thus the Legislature scored the first triumph over the reforming Governor.

EDGEFIELD RIOTS.

It was during this recess that Edgefield became the scene of one of those conflicts of races, which had been begun, if not encouraged, by Governor Scott, but which were a common occurrence under Chamberlain's administration. A negro man named Tennant, who held the rank of Captain of militia in Edgefield, under the pretext that white men had shot into his house, had the long-roll beaten, and the negro militia poured in to his call for assistance. The whites, feeling that mischief was intended, assembled with their own arms (for the Governor had never given them any) for their own protection, surrounded the armed negroes and cut them off from their supplies. Having thus shown their strength as well as their energy, they now showed their moderation by retiring, on the assurance that the arms and ammunition of the insurgents should be delivered into the custody of the United States troops at the courthouse. This was done, and the arms deposited in the courthouse. A few days later Tennant marched his militia into the village, and apparently without any resistance on the part of the United States officers, recovered possession of the arms, &c. The whites thereupon sent a committee of remonstrance to the Governor, who declared that

Tennant had acted without his knowledge or consent, and that the arms should be again delivered up. It does not appear that he took any steps to execute his promise, and for several days Edgefield was the scene of riot and incendiary outrages. Houses were burned in the dead of night at the peril of the inmates. General M. C. Butler's house was burned, and a party implicated in the crime asserted that he had done it at the instigation of Tennant. Affairs were daily becoming worse and worse; it was discovered that hired laborers were leagued with Tennant against the peace of their employers, whose bread they were eating. These employers did then what common sense dictates—they dismissed such traitors from their service—and this ordinary act of self-preservation was treated as a crime, and a proposition seriously made by Elliott to punish it. An attempt was made to arrest Tennant for burning Butler's house, but he refused to be arrested, and fired upon the *posse* which was sent to arrest him. The Governor, instead of going himself to the scene of disorder, sent one of his henchmen—one General Dennis—to preserve the peace. Tennant retired to the swamp, and Dennis retired to his superior, defeated and disappointed. The eccentric Judge Mackey was now sent as a peacemaker. General Butler was arrested on a charge by Tennant that his life was threatened by him, but the charge was not sustained. A sort of peace was trumped up by Mackey, how, we do not know. In his report he denounced the government of Edgefield as the most infamous to which any English speaking people had ever been subjected, and denounced the militia as perverted to the worst uses; if a negro, he says, quarrel with a white man the militia is called out to settle the quarrel; he therefore recommended that the Edgefield militia be disbanded and their arms called in.

Meanwhile the Legislature assembled again and the Edgefield troubles were immediately brought up by Elliott, who denounced in the bitterest terms those farmers who had dismissed their servants who were plotting against them. A bill was introduced to lay a special tax upon Edgefield for the support of those turbulent rioters who had been dismissed from service. The enormity of this bill did not operate against its passage, but Elliott discovered that it could never be enforced, and it was tabled with his consent.

The events of the year 1875 which showed the progress of corruption were chiefly of a financial character, and the detail of them would be long and tedious, and which I am willing to confess I know too little about to undertake to give. One was the failure of Hardy

Solomons's bank in Columbia, by which the State lost about two hundred thousand dollars which had been deposited in it. This corporation was chartered as a sort of close corporation, of which the worst feature was that Whittemore, the notorious seller of cadet appointments, was a director. It afterwards received a charter conferring on it banking privileges, and was sold for \$25,000 to a party consisting of N. G. Parker, J. G. Patterson, Stollbrand, Matton—names not calculated to give a favorable idea of the concern—and it got ultimately into the almost exclusive possession of Hardy Solomons, a grocer of Columbia. It dealt heavily in paper of the government, and at one time was the sole depository of the public money, but lately, through the influence of Chamberlain, Cardozo, the mulatto Treasurer, transferred some of this money to some other banks. A heavy draught by Cardozo was the immediate cause of its failure. The Treasurer was charged with having deliberately planned and contrived the ruin of this bank; if so, then he deliberately planned the destruction of two hundred thousand dollars of which he was the legal custodian and the imposition of heavier burdens on the people. The most noticeable feature in this history is that the only persons who seemed to have anything to do with this serious loss were Dunn, an adventurer, the Controller, and Cardozo, a mulatto, who quarreled lustily over it; and we had become so used to such scenes that we scarcely felt astonished at the charge, when in a matter in which the State was so deeply interested it was these two creatures alone who seemed to have any authority to examine or to act.

The case of Niles G. Parker, who was administrator of the Sinking Fund, is one of the most singular cases on record of a prosecution of a high civil functionary for a gross violation of his trust. Corruption appears in every line of it, and in no case has the law ever been rendered so contemptible. This Parker was, I believe, from New Hampshire, where, it is said, he was a barkeeper. Coming to South Carolina with the Federal army, he remained behind for his own benefit. After Governor Canby began to exercise the functions of Satrap, he dismissed from office some of the councilmen of Charleston, and in the exercise of his wisdom gave Parker one of the seats thus vacated. I am not aware that he distinguished himself as a councilman, but his ambition led him to Columbia, where he was put in charge of the Sinking Fund. He was arrested on the charge of having embezzled coupons of the State bonds to the value of \$225,000. There is an inextricable

mystery connected with this whole transaction. The Attorney-General was unwilling to sue and declined the assistance of some distinguished lawyers in Columbia who had urged the prosecution. One Ladd who had been an employee of Parker, and who had attempted to escape on Parker's arrest, declared on the trial that he saw in Parker's possession coupons to the amount of \$450,000, which were to be distributed among parties whom he named. Parker himself was to have \$75,000 and Chamberlain \$50,000. On this testimony the jury found that Parker was indebted to the State in the sum of \$75,000, the value of the coupons which he had kept as his share of the plunder, and took no notice of the \$300,000 which had been lost by his connivance, thus actually sanctioning the monstrous act by which he had thrown away such an immense sum that he was bound to keep. He ought to have been convicted of a gross embezzlement, he was treated as an insolvent debtor. Judge Carpenter ordered him to be kept in jail until the debt should have been paid. A practice had grown into use in this State for the State officers to go to the North to enjoy their holidays. Judge Carpenter went to the North soon after the Parker case was over, and the Governor also went away for recreation. Parker, after remaining in jail a short time, made his escape, but was quickly captured, and now an extraordinary effort was successfully made, not only to release him, but to give him absolute freedom from all claims which might be brought against him. Judge Mackey, from another circuit, was brought in to try a process of *habeas corpus*.

This eccentric judge decided that the verdict of the jury had made Parker a debtor to the State; that as the prisoner had represented that all his property lay in the State, the State could proceed only against that, and that he could not be imprisoned for debt. After this release of a prisoner guilty of such gross embezzlement, the sheriff proceeded to rearrest Parker for other fraudulent transactions, but was repulsed by the judge, who declared Parker to be under the protection of the court. A day or two afterwards Parker was brought before a trial justice on a charge of fraudulent transactions, and was released on slender bail. Not long afterwards he withdrew from the State.

It is needless to go over the several incidents of the summer, the election riots in Charleston and the unblushing effrontery of the petty officials of the government. There was scarcely a day in which the white people were not made to feel that the struggle was at hand, the event of which was to be their liberation, or to plunge

them into hopeless apathy. One sentiment pervaded the whole body of them; they were on their trial, and any false step would prove their ruin, by furnishing President Grant with a plausible pretext for resorting to the strong hand.

ELECTION OF WHIPPER AND MOSES.

The Legislature met as usual in December. The great event of this session was to be the election of judges. Judge Reed had been elected to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Graham, and Shaw to supply that occasioned by the death of Judge Greener. It was supposed that the term of office of these judges would expire with that of the judges to whose places they succeeded. There was also a third vacancy in the Southern circuit. Elliott determined that the Radical vote should be given to Moses, the late Governor, in place of Shaw, and to Whipper in place of Reed. Chamberlain openly and earnestly opposed the election of these two men. He regarded it as sounding the knell of civilization, and acted accordingly. As long as he remained in Columbia he contrived to keep off the election. The Governor had an engagement of a literary kind in Greenville on the 18th December. A message had been sent from the Senate proposing to go into the election that day. Chamberlain waited in the State-House for an answer. It was laid on the table. In an interview with the Speaker he was assured that the matter would not be called up directly, and with this assurance he went to Greenville. He was scarcely out of Columbia before it was proposed to go forthwith into the election of judges. When the election was going on Elliott, the Speaker, declared that he would measure the members by the votes which they should give on this occasion. The negro Whipper was elected to fill the bench on the Charleston circuit. The election caused a shock like that of electricity to pass through the country. The Governor emphatically declared that the civilization of the Puritan and the Huguenot was in danger. The citizens of Charleston met to protest against the outrage, and to devise means to protect themselves from it, and the bar resolved to ignore Whipper and defend the right of Judge Reed to keep his seat.

On the 21st the Governor issued commissions to all the recently elected judges except Moses and Whipper, which he withheld on the technical ground that as the term of service of Shaw and Reid had not expired there was no vacancy in those circuits and the election of successors was nugatory. The objection was purely techni-

cal, and as it answered fully the purpose desired it was perhaps better than any other objection could have been. This refusal, on whatever ground, was hailed with acclamation, and Chamberlain was rapidly overcoming the ill-will which too many of his acts had gained. Soon afterwards the State Democratic Committee wrote a letter to the people in his commendation, and suggested that he ought to receive their support at the next election for Governor; nay, so decidedly had he won the people that Senator Morton raised the cry of alarm and charged him with having deserted his party and courting the Democrats. To this malignant attack the Governor ably and conclusively replied that it was not the intent of the Republican party to be represented by negroes and swindlers, and it was not courting the Democrats if by well-doing and acting for the best interests of the Republican party good Democrats could be won over to that party. The words were wise, and if Chamberlain had possessed moral courage he might have commanded the support of the people of the State. Six years of misrule had prepared them to welcome any one who would give them the blessing of a pure government, but Chamberlain was too weak a man to be a wise man, and a pure government was not to be had until he had suffered the humiliation of a shameful defeat. While he was growing in favor with the people, his political friends were eagerly engaged in criminating each other. They were witnesses against themselves that corruption was universal, and it was impossible that a government so corrupt could sustain itself. It might well be that the Governor earnestly wished for reform; and certainly many of his political friends feared that he was in earnest in his professions. In the Legislature there were topics discussed, among which were investigations of official misconduct, but these were too common to excite any special interest, and the public knew from the experience of the past that they would result in nothing. One scene may be reported as calculated to give an idea of the tone and bearing of the House of Representatives. Whipper had pronounced against the Governor a vituperative speech, which he contrived in some way to have recorded in the Journal of the House. The subject was brought to its notice on a motion to expunge it, when a bitter controversy took place between the speaker, Elliott, and Whipper. The same man who but a few weeks before had declared that the test of a member's Republicanism was to vote for Whipper, now openly denounced him as an ingrate, a falsifier and a knave. We may form a faint idea of the

the character of Whipper's speech against Chamberlain when we are told that when the subject came up for discussion, the few ladies (?) who were in the galleries were turned out, and the door-keeper instructed to give admittance to none during the discussion. How self-respecting ladies could condescend to give their presence at the meetings of this motley assembly, I cannot understand, but the speeches must have been filthy in the extreme when such an assemblage thought it expedient to exclude the weaker and more delicate sex.

In April of this year a Convention of the Republicans was held to appoint delegates to the National Convention, to meet in Cincinnati, for the purpose of nominating their candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. Chamberlain's popularity was waning with his own party, and it was understood that elections of this Convention were to be a test of his power. He and Patterson were the prominent candidates to represent the State at large, and both factions were arranging their forces to meet the crisis. Senator Morton had denounced Chamberlain for courting the Democrats. He felt that his position was insecure and that he needed all the aid he could get. He wrote accordingly to President Grant, to define and defend his position in the matter of the judges, avowing his great ambition to give the vote of South Carolina for a Republican President at the next election, and praying for the moral aid of the government to protect him against his enemies, the extreme radicals. As the leader of the Republican party he naturally expected the first place on the delegation. But his claim was opposed by a host of discontented Radicals. Patterson, Elliott, Leslie, Whittemore, Bowen, all the leaders of the party, were against him. The only supporters he had were Cardozo and the eccentric Judge Mackey. The latter did not hesitate to denounce Elliott and others and all who had voted for Whipper and Moses as a band of thieves and robbers who had plundered the State. When we reflect that nearly a hundred of these men were present in the convention the audacity of this denunciation was at least remarkable. But one of the most remarkable things in Carolina Radicals is the meekness and Christian-like spirit with which they receive abuse. As a test of the feeling of the convention, Scrails, a negro Senator from Williamsburg, and not Chamberlain, was elected to preside, and the Governor was compelled to listen to speeches in which he was denounced in no measured terms for deserting the party and courting the Democrats. Judge Carpenter denounced him not only for deserting the party,

but for a pretended zeal for reform, when in fact all the enormities of Scott's administration had been perpetrated with his knowledge and consent, as he was at that time not only Attorney General but a member of the advisory boards connected with all those monstrous frauds. He also exposed other tricks of the reforming Governor. To this crushing speech Chamberlain made a reply, which, if not triumphant, gave him for the time a triumph. It was received with cheers, and he was afterwards elected to the first place on the delegation, but he could not get a vote approving of his administration.

In May the Democratic party met to send delegates to the National Convention to be held at St. Louis. The feeling in this body was very much divided. A large portion, having no confidence in Chamberlain, urged the propriety of proceeding at once to adopt an exclusively Democratic policy and to abandon all temporizing. But more prudent counsels prevailed, and it was determined to watch the current of events before committing themselves to any policy.

Indeed, it was no easy problem for the people to solve. For eight years the State had been governed as a conquered territory. Free suffrage existed, but only to give a color of legality to the acts of those strangers who were preying on her vitals, and had made her a disgrace to civilization. No Carolinian, except such as Moses, had a voice or a hand in any matter that concerned her interests. Her finances were in the hands of people that she knew not. Matters of the utmost moment were settled for her by men whom she knew not, or knew only as loathsome objects. Her prospects were growing worse every year. In 1870, in the hope of obtaining some relief from the evils that pressed upon her, she had put forward a prominent Radical to be her candidate for Governor, and in the hope of success, had made every concession that a spirited people could make to win over the blacks to their side. Their overtures were rejected with contempt, and Chamberlain himself was loudest in denouncing the reformation which was aimed at. In 1874, availing themselves of a split in the Republican party, they rallied to the aid of that faction which seemed less steeped in corruption and gave their vote to Judge Greener against Chamberlain. But the man they had opposed seemed determined to make a reality of the promise of reform which had, as a matter of course, been brought forward as their platform, and they gave the Governor the aid of a steady, consistent and sometimes even unnecessary support; and though he was far from being a Democrat, though many of his acts

were not to their liking, yet it seemed that, all things considered, the prospect of reform was better with him than with any one else; and his conduct in the matter of the judges had won their unqualified approbation. He had acted manfully in a case which made the blood of every Carolinian tingle with indignation, and very many thought that the wisest and best thing that the people could do was to give him their support at the next election. But the Governor excited no enthusiasm. We could lavish praises upon him for good service, but no one had implicit faith in him. His words never went to our hearts. It was uneasily felt that he was not a true man. Judge Carpenter had shown that his word was not to be depended upon. He was too anxious to stand well with Morton, and he too evidently stood in awe of Grant. He was a man of culture—knew what the world held highest, and perhaps in his better moments would have gladly been the minister of that highest good, but he lacked courage to embrace it, if he was in danger of forfeiting the Radical support. He might set at defiance Whipper and Elliott, negroes whom he despised, but he could not bear the frown of Morton, nor brook the rude displeasure of Grant. All this was known even to those who were willing to stand by him, but what hope was there that the incubus of radicalism could be shaken off? Again and again had efforts been made to do so, but they were met by a solid and stolid majority of twenty thousand black votes. The negro would go to his white neighbor for aid and counsel (in all his troubles), which were freely given, but when an election was to be held he went to the polls and obediently voted the ticket given him by the stranger who stood between him and his friends. A secret power, called the Union League, attended every negro to the polls, and the free suffrage was only the proof of the despotic rule which was exercised over him by the ambitious and designing stranger.

The Story of the Arkansas.

BY GEORGE W. GIFT.

[CONCLUDED.]

This is our last chapter, and most painful and difficult is it to write; for we have no longer to tell of gallant deeds and great achievements. Our task now is simply to relate the last adventures of the great ship, to tell how her engines broke down, and it became an act of duty to apply the torch to her. We will write her

obituary and be done. Shortly after the events related in the last chapter the enemy embarked his troops on board transports and gave up the bombardment of Vicksburg for 1862. He had never attempted a siege, inasmuch as his force of infantry was inferior to ours, and he did not occupy the same side of the river as that on which Vicksburg stands, but merely under cover and by virtue of his superior naval force, was able to occupy a position near Vicksburg, from which he could throw shells into the town. The same thing occurred at Charleston and several other places. And I think that it would be no difficult matter to show that the navy of the United States had more to do with destroying the Confederate States than the army—or rather that the operations of the army of the United States could have been easily checked, and it overwhelmed and beaten back across the border, and kept there, but for the powerful coöperation of the navy. Therefore the great error in policy of those who guided the destinies of the South was in not putting afloat at an early day a navy superior to that of the United States. There are those, probably, who being but slightly acquainted with such matters, will urge that it was an impossibility so to do. They are greatly in error. I hazard little when I say that if the great Mississippi had been completed at New Orleans a month before she was burned, the Confederate States would now be one of the nations of the earth, instead of conquered provinces.

Shortly after the enemy left the shore opposite Vicksburg an expedition was planned against Baton Rouge, General John C. Breckinridge to command. After the army had arrived at Tangipahoa it was determined to ask for the assistance of the Arkansas. Captain Brown was sick at Grenada, and telegraphed Stevens not to go down, as the machinery was not reliable. Application was made by General Van Dorn to Commodore Lynch, who gave the order to proceed down the river as soon as possible. The vessel was hurriedly coaled and provisioned, and men and officers hastened to join her. Captain Brown left his bed to regain his ship, but arrived too late. He subsequently followed down by rail and assumed command of the crew shortly after the destruction of the vessel. The reader must not construe any remark here to reflect on Stevens. Such is not my intention. He was a conscientious, Christian gentleman, a zealous and efficient officer. In the performance of his duty he was thorough, consistent and patriotic. His courage was of the truest and highest type; in the face of the enemy he knew nothing but his duty, and always did it. Under this officer we left Vicksburg thirty

hours before General Breckinridge had arranged to make his attacks. The short time allowed to arrive at the rendezvous made it imperative that the vessel should be driven up to her best speed. This resulted in the frequent disarrangements of the machinery and consequent stoppages to key up and make repairs. Every delay required more speed thereafter in order to meet our appointment. Another matter operated against us. We had been compelled to leave behind, in the hospital, our chief engineer, George W. City, who was worn out and broken down by excessive watching and anxiety. His care and nursing had kept the machinery in order up to the time of leaving. We soon began to feel his loss. The engineer in charge, a volunteer from the army, had recently joined us, and though a young man* of pluck and gallantry, and possessed of great will and determination to make the engines work, yet he was unequal to the task. He had never had anything to do with a screw vessel or short-stroke engines, and, being zealous for the good repute of his department, drove the machinery beyond its powers of endurance.

The reader may wonder why the machinery of a vessel of so much importance should have been entrusted to a strange and inexperienced person, and ask for an explanation. Were there not other engineers than Mr. City in the navy, and, if so, where were they? There were dozens of engineers of long experience and high standing at that time in the navy, most of whom were idle at Richmond and other stations. At or near the mouth of Red river, the engines had grown so contrary and required to be hammered so much that Stevens deemed it his duty to call a council of war to determine whether it was proper to proceed or return. The engineer was summoned and gave it as his opinion that the machinery would hold out, and upon that statement we determined to go ahead. A few miles below Port Hudson he demanded a stoppage to key up and make all things secure before going into action. We landed at the right bank of the river, and I was dispatched with Bacot to a house near by to get information. After a deal of trouble we gained admittance and learned that the naval force of the enemy at Baton Rouge consisted of our particular enemy, the Essex, and one or two small sea-going wooden gunboats. This was very satisfactory. We learned, also, that Breckinridge was to attack at daylight; that his movements had been known for several days

* I have forgotten his name.

on that side of the river; yet it will be borne in mind that this important secret could not be entrusted to high officers of the navy until a few hours before they were to co-operate in the movement. At daylight we heard our gallant troops commence the engagement. The long rattle of the volleys of musketry, mixed with the deep notes of artillery, informed us that we were behind, and soon came the unmistakable boom of heavy navy guns, which plainly told us that we were wanted—that our iron sides should be receiving those missiles which were now mowing down our ranks of infantry. In feverish haste our lines were cast off and hauled aboard, and once more the good ship was driving towards the enemy. Like a war-horse she seemed to scent the battle from afar, and in point of speed outdid anything we had ever before witnessed. There was a fatal error. Had she been nursed then by our young and over-zealous engineer she would have again made her mark in the day's fight. We were in sight of Baton Rouge. The battle had ceased; our troops had driven the enemy to the edge of the water, captured his camps and his positions, and had in turn retired before the heavy broadsides of the *Essex*, which lay moored abreast of the arsenal. Our officers and crew went to quarters in high spirits, for once there was a chance to make the army and country appreciate us. Baton Rouge is situated on a "reach" or long, straight stretch of river, which extends three or four miles above the town. We were nearly to the turn and about to enter the "reach;" the crew had been mustered at quarters, divisions reported, and all the minute preparations made for battle which have before been detailed, when Stevens came on deck with Brady, the pilot, to take a final look and determine upon what plan to adopt in his attack on the *Essex*. It was my watch and we three stood together. Brady proposed that we ram the *Essex* and sink her where she lay, then back out and put ourselves below the transports and wooden gunboats as soon as possible to cut off their retreat. Stevens assented to the proposal and had just remarked that we had better go to our stations, for we were in a hundred yards of the turn, when the starboard engine stopped suddenly, and, before the man at the wheel could meet her with the helm, the ship ran hard and fast aground, jamming herself on to some old cypress stumps that were submerged. We were in full view from the position General Breckinridge had taken up to await our attack. All day long he remained in line of battle prepared to move forward again, but in vain. On investigation it was found

that the engine was so badly out of order that several hours must be consumed before we could again expect to move. There lay the enemy in plain view, and we as helpless as a shear-hulk. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the fight. In fact, many ladies in carriages had come to see our triumph. They waved us on with smiles and prayers, but we couldn't go. But Stevens was not the man to give up. A quantity of railroad iron, which had been laid on deck loose, was thrown overboard, and in a few hours we were afloat. The engineers had pulled the engine to pieces and with files and chisels were as busy as bees, though they had been up constantly then for the greater parts of the two preceding nights. At dark it was reported to the commanding officer that the vessel could be moved. In the meantime some coal had been secured (our supply was getting short), and it was determined to run up stream a few hundred yards and take it in during the night, and be ready for hot work in the morning. Therefore we started to move, but had not gone a hundred yards before the same engine broke down again; the crank pin (called a "wrist" by Western engineers) of the rock-shaft broke in two. Fortunately one of the engineers was a blacksmith, so the forge was set up and another pin forged. But this with our improvised facilities used up the whole night. Meantime the enemy became aware of our crippled condition, and at daylight moved up to the attack. The Essex led, and came up very slowly, at a rate not to exceed two miles an hour. She had opened on us before the last touch had been given to the pin, but it was finished and the parts thrown together. As the ship again started ahead Stevens remarked that we were brought to bay by a superior force, and that he should fight it out as long as we would swim. The battle for the supremacy of the river was upon us, and we must meet the grave responsibility as men and patriots. His plan was to go up the river a few hundred yards and then turn on and dispatch the Essex, then give his attention to the numerous force of wooden vessels which had been assembled since the morning before. The pleasant sensation of again being afloat and in possession of the power of locomotion, was hardly experienced before our last and final disaster came. The port engine this time gave way, broke down and would not move. The engineer was now in despair, he could do nothing, and so reported. The Essex was coming up astern and firing upon us. We had run ashore and were a hopeless, immovable mass. Read was returning the fire, but the two ships

were scarcely near enough for the shots to tell. We were not struck by the Essex, nor do I think we struck her. An army force was reported by a mounted "home guard" to be coming up the river to cut off our retreat. Stevens did not call a council of war, but himself assumed the responsibility of burning the ship. I recollect the look of anguish he gave me, and the scalding tears were running down his cheeks when he announced his determination. Read kept firing at the Essex until Stevens had set fire to the ward-room and cabin, then all jumped on shore, and in a few moments the flames burst up the hatches. Loaded shells had been placed at all the guns, which commenced exploding as soon as the fire reached the gun deck. This was the last of the Arkansas.

I am aware that the same class of people who accused the Tifts of treason (the stay-at-home-guards), were sure that the engineer had caused the engines to break down. I am also aware that many lawyers, doctors, planters, and gentlemen of elegant leisure, who had then been soldiering a twelve month, were sure they could have managed the business much better than the gallant and experienced naval officer who had it in charge. I am also aware that several old, influential and wealthy sugar planters were witnesses of the disaster, and gave it as their solemn and well considered opinion (Jack Bunsby was in the habit of giving "opinions" also), that the vessel was "unnecessarily sacrificed!" I trust that whoever undertakes our naval history will give due weight to the opinions, suspicions and insinuations referred to, always referring to their source.

We have now told all about the career of our great ship. We have gone with her through fire and smoke, death and destruction; and if the reader is so minded we will go back and learn something more of her. As related in the first chapter, she was built a short distance below the city of Memphis by Captain John T. Shirley. It seems that Captain Shirley organized in the early months of 1861 what he called a river brigade; but owing to the lack of facilities for operations he was compelled to disband his force. Not being content, however, to remain idle, he conceived the plan of building a couple of powerful gunboats for river service. The plan was adopted at Richmond, and the sum of \$125,000 appropriated for the purpose. This sum was found totally inadequate, and in order to raise funds, which were supplied tardily by the Government, Captain Shirley was compelled to sell his homestead. Nothing daunted, the enthusiastic projector pushed forward. Competent mechanics were scarce, and he sent to St. Louis for them—for the

army refused to allow the detail of men to work on gunboats. Thus cramped for want of money and mechanics, the work necessarily progressed slowly. One vessel, the *Arkansas*, was finally launched before the fall of New Orleans, and the other was burned on the stocks. Orders came from Richmond to tow the *Arkansas* up the Yazoo, and when the writer joined her she was at Greenwood. Captain Brown assumed command of her at that place, and fearing that the water would get too low to float her out after she was completed, he at once took her down the river to Yazoo City. Upon arriving at the latter place the outlook was certainly anything but encouraging. There was neither foundry or machine shop in the place. The ship was in a very incomplete condition. The iron of her armor extended only a foot, or a little more, above the water line, and there was not a sufficiency of iron on hand to finish the entire ship. Of guns, we had enough, but were short four carriages. In the matter of ammunition and outfit for the battery we were also very deficient. It was fearfully discouraging, but Brown was undismayed. He summoned the planters from the neighborhood and asked for laborers, and all the blacksmiths' tools they could furnish. In a few days we had several hundred laborers and their overseers. Numbers of forges were sent in, and the work commenced. The hoisting engine of the steamboat *Capital* was made to drive a number of steam drills, whilst some dozens of hands were doing similar work by hand. A temporary blacksmith shop was erected on the river bank, and the ringing of the hammer was incessant. Stevens went to Canton and got the four gun carriages. I have often been greatly amused when thinking of this latter achievement. He made no drawing before his departure, not knowing that he could find a party who would undertake the job. Being agreeably disappointed in this latter respect he wrote back for the dimensions of the guns. With two squares I made the measurement of the guns (all different patterns) and sent on the data. In a week or a little more Stevens appeared with four ox teams and the carriages. However it would take more space than is necessary to recite all that was done, and how it was done. It is sufficient to say that within five weeks from the day we arrived at Yazoo City we had a man-of-war (such as she was) from almost nothing—the credit for all of which belongs to Isaac Newton Brown, the commander of the vessel.

The following is a complete list of the officers who served in the *Arkansas* during her four great battles. Some others were attached to her but were not present at the time indicated :

I. N. Brown, Mississippi, Commander. Lieutenants—Henry K. Stevens, South Carolina; John Grimball, South Carolina; A. D. Wharton, Tennessee; Charles W. Read, Mississippi; Alphonse Barbot, Louisiana, and George W. Gift, Tennessee. Masters—Samuel Milliken, Kentucky, and John L. Phillips, Louisiana. Midshipmen—Dabney M. Scales, Mississippi; Richard H. Bacot, South Carolina, and Clarence W. Tyler, Virginia. Master's Mate, John A. Wilson, Maryland; Surgeon, H. W. M. Washington, Virginia; Assistant Surgeon, C. M. Morfit, Maryland; First Assistant (acting Chief) Engineer, George W. City, Virginia; Second Assistant Engineer, E. Covert, Louisiana; Third Assistant Engineers, W. H. Jackson, Maryland; J. T. Dolan, Virginia; C. H. Browne, Virginia; John S. Dupuy and James Gettis, Louisiana; Gunner, T. B. Travers, Virginia; Pilots—John Hodges, James Brady, William Gilmore and J. H. Shacklett.

Captain Brown is now a successful planter, on his place in Bolivar county, Mississippi; Stevens, poor fellow, was killed on the Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, during the war; Grimball is a lawyer in New York City; Read commands a fine steamer plying between New Orleans and Havana; Barbot is dead; Millikin and Phillips are both dead; Scales, no longer a big midshipman with a round jacket on, is a lawyer in Memphis. All the pilots except Shacklett are dead. I do not know the whereabouts of the remainder.

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By LIEUTENANT IREDELL JONES, *of First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.*

FORT SUMTER, August 17, 1863.

My Dear Father,—We have been pretty severely pelted and shelled to-day. The enemy opened at daybreak this morning with their monitors and land batteries on Wagner and Sumter, and the bombardment continued with unabated fury until dark. It is now 8 o'clock P. M., and the land batteries are firing slowly on Sumter. For some reason our fort did not reply this morning until 11:30 o'clock, when we opened a brisk fire on the monitors and gunboats, and in the course of an hour succeeded in driving all of them off. The land batteries, however, we could not silence, and they have given us bricks all day long. The casualties are one man killed and fif-

teen privates and three officers wounded. In all the enemy fired 910 shots at the fort, out of which 600 struck. The fort is badly used up—four guns dismantled, though all unimportant. Our battery has not been hurt so far. We expect a renewal of the attack tomorrow. Batteries Wagner and Gregg are uninjured. At the former the casualties were seven killed and twenty-eight wounded; at the latter one killed and five wounded. * * *

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 19, 1863.

My Dear Father,—The bombardment still continues hot and heavy, and we are holding out as well as possible under the circumstances. It is useless longer to conceal the fact—the fort is terribly knocked to pieces. Though there is no reason at present to abandon it, its fall is only a question of time. Many guns have been dismantled, and all the guns on the gorge face are unserviceable on account of the parapet's being knocked away. The enemy throw 200-pound Parrotts at us at the rate of one thousand per day. They ceased firing last night, the first intermission since day before yesterday morning. The fort has not replied since day before yesterday, though our main battery is still in good condition. I cannot imagine the reason, and the policy is condemned by every officer of the garrison. It may not, it would not, alter the state of affairs to open fire, but the honor of our country, the honor of ourselves, and the reputation of the gallant old fort demands it. I trust we will remain and fight the fort to the very last extremity. If she falls, let her and her devoted defenders fall together and gloriously.

The Brooke gun was disabled yesterday by reason of part of her carriage being shot away. We took advantage of the intermission last night, however, to replace it with another carriage, and the gun is all right again.

It is now 12 o'clock M., and while I write the shells are bursting all over us and the bricks are flying wildly. Yesterday 895 shots were fired at us, but we had but few casualties. Only three men slightly wounded. To-day we have not been so fortunate. Already one man has been killed and five wounded. George [a colored servant] behaves like a man. I gave him his choice to go to town or not, as he wished. He replied that he would not leave me.

* * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

FORT SUMTER, August 20, 1863.

My Dear Mother,—At last we have a little rest from the incessant fire which we have been compelled to endure since daybreak Monday morning. For four days the enemy has been pouring in his two-hundred-pound shot and shell from the land batteries, assisted by fifteen-inch shell from the monitors, and we have been forced to shrink our shoulders and take all this iron hail without the gratification of replying. But, however humiliating this may appear, it is probably the wisest policy. We have but one battery left, and we had best not expose the guns of this, to be dismounted, like all the others, when by using them, however much, we could not change the condition of things. The fact is, we all *know* now, what we all thought before, that the fort can't stand against land batteries. I wish not to create alarm, but if I give you any information at all I must tell the truth. I wish not to make others despondent—and, if I ever spoke truth, I am not so myself. That the fort may, and is likely to be abandoned, I think very probable in the course of time, but that time has not arrived. It may be weeks or months before that event takes place. It is true that one-half of the fort is laid in ruins, but we have the two strongest faces left almost unhurt, which, on account of their positions, will be ten times more difficult to knock down. We will rest quiet until the ironclads come in, when I trust we will be able again to reflect credit on the glorious old fortification. Besides, on the face of the gorge, the bricks falling down on the sand which we had placed outside, have accumulated until they have built up of themselves a complete breastwork, behind which we can take refuge. No one that has not been here to witness the effect of the enemy's ordnance can have the least conception of what has been done in four days. Who, on Sunday last, would have thought that even the weakest face of this fort could have been knocked down by guns at distances ranging between two miles and three miles? I expected them to knock it down when Wagner fell, but I admit my surprise when I saw them open on us from such distances. The enemy seems to have abandoned the attack on Wagner for the present, and concluded, justly, that they were unable to take it, but at the same time knowing that the only way to make it fall was to reduce this place, and we may expect all their hatred to be raised to its highest pitch towards us until they accomplish their object. * * As yet we are all in fine spirits. Like

others under similar circumstances, we have become accustomed to the shelling, and there is always some one to crack a joke. We slip in any corner that we can find—every one for himself—while we know not when we may be slapped side the head with a brickbat. Nearly every officer has been struck, more or less, with these little affairs. I have been struck several times—once on the arm with a fragment of a shell, which stung me slightly, but did not even break the skin. On one occasion I was so unlucky as to get a brick side my head, though some say it was in *my hat*.

There were no casualties to day. Captain Gaillard was slightly wounded in the ankle. I am afraid it will prove more painful than it is even now. I see him on crutches this evening. We have a good many negroes in the garrison for the purpose of rebuilding what the enemy tears down, and several of them were wounded, though not seriously. * * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

July 17th, 1862.—Spent the day playing chess with Dr. Alexander Erskine. News has been received of the capture of General Curtis and his command by General Hindman in Arkansas; also of the "debut" of the Confederate ram Arkansas. She passed out of the Yazoo river, running through the Federal fleet, sinking two of their boats and disabling others.

Feel very uneasy about my mother and sisters in Memphis, as nothing has been heard from them since the 12th of June, and General Grant has issued an order expelling the families of Confederate soldiers from the city.

Sunday, July 20th.—This morning we had a grand review of Cheatham's division. General Polk and Governor Harris were on the field. The troops presented an imposing sight as the several brigades passed in review with banners floating to the breeze and bayonets gleaming brightly in the morning sunbeams. There were five brigades on the field. One of our country Captains forgot "Hardee's Tactics" at company inspection, and, growing desperate, shouted, "Prepare to open ranks—widen out, split," and the boys split, widened out, and the ranks opened. But there was some side-splitting on that occasion, to the great discomfiture of the gallant Captain, who remembered the command, "Order in ranks."

But the Captain knows how to give the order, "Fix bayonets—charge!" when he meets the Yankees.

July 22d.—On guard to-day. Donelson's and Maxey's brigades left this morning. Their destination is supposed to be Chattanooga, and we will follow on in a few days.

The camp is alive with joyous excitement to-night. Glorious news has been received from Morgan. It is reported that he is capturing towns and prisoners in Kentucky, threatening Louisville, and that the greatest consternation prevails in that city, and that the Federals are barricading the streets to keep the daring chieftain out. This news will be a good pillow for the soldier's couch to-night.

July 24th.—Our brigade received orders to cook three days' rations and prepare to march. At 4 o'clock P. M. we were ordered to strike tents and put up rations. We will probably not get off before morning.

July 25th.—Reveill  sounded this morning at 2 o'clock, and we were soon all ready and eager for the march. The soldiers are in high spirits over the prospect of soon stepping on the soil of glorious old Tennessee. Before the dawn of day we were formed in line and on the march for Tupelo, where we arrived at 6 o'clock A. M., and after a delay of about two hours the engine whistled, and we were off. Through the kindness of Colonel Fitzgerald I was appointed doorkeeper of the passenger car, and have a comfortable seat. We have passed through a beautiful country to-day. For miles on either side of the road the land was covered with green fields of waving corn. Many fair daughters of the land met us at the stations with refreshments, and waving their handkerchiefs, bid us God speed. We are now at Artesia, two hundred and nineteen miles from Mobile, waiting for the removal of obstructions from the track. The general impression is that we are executing a grand flank movement, and that the enemy will be forced to retreat and confront our army in Tennessee or Kentucky.

July 26th.—On Mobile bay. We arrived at Mobile at noon to-day, after a very pleasant journey, and found a guard of cavalry drawn up around the depot to prevent straggling; without delay the regiment marched in close order through the streets of the city to the bay, where we embarked on the steamer Natchez. After a delightful ride over the bay we arrived at the depot of the Florida and Alabama railroad, and will leave for Montgomery to-night. We were favored with a distant view of Lincoln's blockading fleet as we steamed down the bay. I can now appreciate as never before the

sentiment, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," for if we had passed within range of the blockader's guns our passage across the bay would have been rather disagreeable. We bought several water-mellons, for which we paid from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents a piece.

Sunday, July 27th—Montgomery, Alabama.—We reached this beautiful little city this evening at five o'clock. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Erskine, who had preceded me several days. Walked up to the city immediately on our arrival, and enjoyed a good supper at the Exchange Hotel. Attended preaching at the Baptist church, in company with a Memphis friend. On our return to the hotel, we found ourselves, together with several others, surrounded by bayonets, and were politely informed that we were of sufficient importance to command an escort of honor back to camp, and that a guard had been detailed for that purpose. Of course our modesty compelled us to protest against such a display, and the modesty increased as visions of the "guard-house" rose up before us. But our captors were inexorable, and so we were marched back to camp, and halted at the tent of Colonel Fitzgerald. The Colonel came out, and recognizing his prisoners, laughed heartily, and told us to go to our quarters. So ended my first arrest.

July 31st—Chattanooga, Tennessee.—Once more on Tennessee soil. Feel like falling upon the bosom of my old Mother State and embracing her sacred dust. We arrived here last night, after six days' travel by rail. Left Montgomery on Monday at two o'clock P. M., and arrived at West Point about daylight the next morning. Paid one dollar for breakfast and spent the morning playing chess on the banks of the Chattahooche. Enjoyed a bath in the Alabama river at Montgomery, and called to see my friend Mrs. H—— and family. Met with a most cordial welcome, and the dear, good woman filled my haversack with biscuit, chicken, and teacakes. What a feast the boys had on my return to camp! At five o'clock Tuesday evening we left West Point, and passed La Grange, running at full speed. A number of Georgia's fair daughters were at the depot, and as we passed waved their welcome to the hospitalities of the State. Passed Atlanta about daylight, and arrived at Marietta at six o'clock. As the train was delayed here for several hours, a beautiful young lady from South Carolina prepared breakfast for the soldiers. After a sumptuous feast prepared and served by the fair hands of our patriotic southern girl, I walked out to see my sweet cousin, Mrs. McL——, and returned just in time to jump on the train as it was

moving off. At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Chattanooga, having executed a flank movement wonderful in its conception, rapid in its execution, and pregnant with great results. We have changed our base of operations, right-wheeled around the flank of the enemy, and transferred the theatre of war from Mississippi to Tennessee. We are after Buell, and may expect the "tug of war" before many days.

Sunday, August 3d.—Walked up to the top of Lookout Mountain and gathered some pebbles from the point of the rock. Enjoyed the walk very much; the morning was clear and the view magnificent. Saw the names of some friends carved in the rocks. At the hotel, where brave men and fair women were wont to congregate at this season of the year, patriotic soldiers from all parts of the South were languishing on beds of sickness and pain. What a revolutionizer is "grim-visaged war"! Hotels, watering places, pleasure and health resorts, and even holy sanctuaries, are changed into hospitals for sick, wounded and dying soldiers. Church bells are melted into cannon and ploughshares beaten into swords. How long shall our fair land be deluged in blood and cursed with the ravages of war? But we must fight on until our independence is won.

August 4th.—Was most agreeably surprised this morning by a visit from my most intimate friend and kinsman, Gus. Gordon. He is Major of the Sixth Alabama regiment, and was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. He is now convalescent and is on his way to rejoin his regiment in Virginia. Gus is a noble fellow, and I love him as tenderly as Jonathan loved David.

August 5th.—Walked into Chattanooga this morning with Gus. and spent the day with him. He left this evening for Columbus, Georgia, *en route* for Virginia. The dear fellow was thoughtful enough to bring me a bag of vegetables from Sand Mountain.

August 6th.—On guard to-day; fortunately at a farmer's house guarding his peach trees. Nothing to do but to sit in my chair, *otium cum dignitate*, eat as much fruit as my appetite calls for, and see that nobody else touches a peach. The old man is a curiosity. He has been living here nine years and has never seen the town of Chattanooga. His house is at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and he has never been on the top of the mountain.

August 8th.—Left Chattanooga at 2 o'clock. Dined at the Crutchfield House, and jumped on the train as it was moving off. At Cleveland while Rembert Trezevant and I were filling canteens

with water the train suddenly started, and we had to make railroad time by striking an irregular double-quick step. I was about to fall in the act of leaping on board when one of my comrades extended a helping hand and drew me safely on board.

August 9th.—Awoke this morning at Knoxville. Went to market and bought chickens for thirty-five cents apiece. Breakfasted at the Bell House.

Sunday, August 10th.—On guard last night. Attended preaching at the Presbyterian Church and listened to a sermon from my old friend and former pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Martin. The good man took bodily possession of me, carried me home with him, and sat me down to a good, plain Sunday dinner. Five years ago he received me into the communion of the church and was my pastor during my brief sojourn in this place. The cloud of war had not gathered over our country then, and neither of us dreamed of our meeting again in this place under the present circumstances. But here he is still at his post preaching the gospel of peace, and here I am at my post as a soldier of my country.

We are encamped on the Knoxville and Kentucky railroad, about one mile from the city.

Chickamauga—A Reply to Major Sykes.

Letter from JAMES M. GOGGIN, A. A. General McLaws's Division.

[We regret that the following letter from a gallant soldier has been "crowded out" of several numbers. We publish these conflicting views without note or comment, and without "taking sides" with either.]

AUSTIN, TEXAS, January 2, 1884.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary of Southern Historical Society:

Sir,—In the last number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS I find a "Cursory Sketch" of General Bragg and his Campaigns," from the pen of Major Sykes, of Columbus, Miss. His "Battle of Chickamauga" is certainly calculated to mislead the future historian, especially in regard to the events of the 21st, if the statements and assertions of those who participated actively in the *inaction* of that day are worthy of credence.

It is earnestly to be hoped that, in time, we may get at the bottom facts, but, as yet, notwithstanding the numerous publications on

the subject by your Society, as well as through other mediums, both North and South, we still seem to be as far from a satisfactory solution of certain questions as ever.

That the Army of the Confederate States, when the battle closed on Sunday, the 20th, had won one of the greatest victories of the war, no one, be he Federal or Confederate, who participated in the fight, will for a moment deny. This fact was patent to all who were on the field the next morning.

* * * * *

There is no question that when General Rosencranz determined to give General Bragg battle, he did so in confidence of a great success, or, to use General Thomas's own language, that he would use the rebels up. This assurance was shared by other officers.

On September 10th General Cruft writes to his Division Commander, General John M. Palmer: "Have skirmished with two regiments of mine and one of Colonel Grose to a point, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles front of Benview, the bald place you see on the Hill from where I left you. The enemy had, say 200 cavalry, which charged my First Kentucky advanced guard after the cavalry of our left, and drove them in. Have driven them away constantly as I advanced. This can be continued *ad infinitum*."

General Palmer seems to have been so well pleased with General Cruft's *ad infinitum* idea that on the 18th he placed him in command of a division, and I think it probable that if General P. furnished the Commander of the Fourteenth Corps a copy of Cruft's communication it may have inspired the proposition of General Thomas to General Palmer on the 19th. It may also have had something to do with General T.'s bull-dog tenacity on the 20th. General Thomas writes as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR MCDANIEL'S HOUSE,

September 19th, 9 A. M., 1863.

Major-General Palmer:

The rebels are reported in quite a heavy force between you and Alexander's Mill.

If you advance as soon as possible on them in front while I attack them in flank I think we can use them up.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. THOMAS,

Major-General Commanding."

To this General Palmer promptly responded :

“HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS,
GORDON'S MILL, September 19th, 1863—10 A. M.

General,—Your note of 9 A. M. received. Colonel Grose is gone on reconnoissance on our flank. As soon as he returns will advance as you propose.

Very respectfully,

J. M. PALMER.

Major-General Thomas, Fourteenth Army Corps.”

On that day the great battle may be said to have commenced, and I quote the above for the purpose of showing that leading officers of the Federal forces entered on it in the full assurance of a great success and with a determination and expectation of “using up” the rebel army. In proportion to the confidence felt in their ability to win must have been the revulsion of feeling and demoralization on the night of the 20th, when they found that they had been beaten at all points and that they must leave the field in possession of those very rebels whom the sanguine Cruft had declared could be driven “*ad infinitum*,” and Thomas believed could be easily “used up.”

The question then arises why the fruits of so grand a victory were not gathered in on that night or on the succeeding day?

General Bragg was in consultation with General Longstreet at early dawn of the morning of the 21st at the latter's bivouac. General Longstreet urged a movement across the river in the rear of Rosecrans, to the pushing on to Nashville, and, after drawing Rosecrans out of Chattanooga, seek an opportunity to crush him ; but go on to Nashville and Louisville.

This General Bragg agreed to do, and it was understood that he gave his orders with such a purpose in view.

On parting from General Bragg General Longstreet directed his command to move at once. When the order was delivered to General Kershaw, who, as senior Brigadier, was in command of his own and Humphries' brigade of McLaws's division (the two Georgia brigades and General McLaws not having yet reached the field), the men were preparing to eat breakfast, and though they had laid down supperless, it was not ten minutes before they were on the move. Riding forward to report the fact to General Longstreet, I had proceeded but a short distance before I met that officer, who

directed me to halt the command, and remarked : " General Bragg has changed his mind for some reason or other. I know not what." At 10:45 we were ordered to be ready to move at 2 o'clock ; but we only moved about two miles, and camped for the night. On the morning of the 22d we advanced on the road to Chattanooga, by which a large portion of the Federal army had retreated. We had moved but a short distance before we came upon and captured quite a number of the enemy hiding in the brush on the mountain side. These prisoners, as well as the citizens we met, gave us to understand that the Federal army was thoroughly demoralized by its defeat on the 20th ; the latter all agreeing in the assertion that if we had " Come along the day before we could have captured all of 'em."

The enemy were reported to be making a stand at Rossville, but when we reached that point we found it evacuated.

Pushing on towards Chattanooga, with Armstrong's brigade of cavalry in advance, at 10:45 reached Watkin's Hill, two miles from Chattanooga. Advanced line of skirmishers to feel the enemy. After skirmishing some fifteen or twenty minutes, using our artillery, the enemy retired. On the 23d and 24th nothing was done ; same may be said of 25th, 26th and 27th.

The above facts are given only in connection with, and by way of accounting for, the movements of one division alone of the army that fought at Chickamauga. In regard to the operations of that other division of Longstreet's corps, which did such noble service on the 19th and 20th, I have before me a communication from a private (G. M. Pinckney) of Hood's brigade, who, though at the time of the fight a mere boy, was for that very reason much more likely to be so impressed by what he saw and heard that his memory could not lead him astray. After a vivid and stirring picture of the events of the 19th and 20th, and especially of the operations of Hood's brigade, he says :

" On Sunday night, the 20th of September, 1863, one of the grandest armies of the North was in full retreat. Small arms and other fixtures of camp life covered the ground. In my judgment it was a most complete victory and should have been followed up ; but our army quietly lay on the battle-field and allowed the enemy to retire."

" On Monday morning, the 21st, we had moved to the right of the battle-ground occupied by us on Sunday. On this (Monday) morning we arose early, and just at the head of our brigade we

noticed a crowd of men collected, some of whom were on horseback. Among them we could plainly distinguish the tall form of John C. Breckinridge and our bull-dog leader, General James Longstreet, Lee's famous war-horse. Tom Wallingford, one of my company, called me, and we walked to where they (Longstreet and Breckinridge) were. I think General Buckner was also there, on horseback. General Bragg was on foot. Longstreet and Bragg were in earnest conversation—the latter calm and quiet, while the former spoke in an excited manner—his voice clear and distinct, yet very angry. We could not hear what Bragg was saying; he spoke slowly, and in low tones. Longstreet said: "General, this army should have been in motion at *dawn of day*." General Bragg made some reply, to which Longstreet said: "Yes, sir; but all *great* captains follow up a victory." Another remark from Bragg was followed by these words from Longstreet: "Yes, sir, you *rank* me, but you cannot cashier me."

"It was an evident fact that General Bragg did not intend to push the enemy, but to fall back, or at least to take position without advancing. * * * * We lay upon or near the battlefield until Wednesday, the 23d, when we took up our line of march. Late in the evening we reached Chattanooga. Along the route from the battlefield we met citizens who told us that the Yankee army was demoralized to the extent that they had thrown away their arms and fled in every direction. All day Monday, 21st, you could hear the query among the soldiers [the privates], "Why *don't* we follow our victory?"

In view of the foregoing facts it is hard to understand Major Sykes when he says: "On the morning of the 21st September, the enemy having the night previous commenced his retreat to Chattanooga, Bragg moved rapidly forward, preceded by General Forrest and his troopers, who were sorely pressing and harassing the retreating foe; that night reached Missionary Ridge and commenced fortifying." As I have said, the above is hard to understand, taken in connection with the movements on the 21st, 22d and 23d of so important a portion of Bragg's command as Longstreet's corps.

In reference to the disobedience of orders by General Polk in not advancing on the morning of the 20th, I have said nothing, because I am wholly ignorant in regard thereto, and prefer saying nothing that cannot be substantiated by direct and positive proof. It is a difficult matter for any one to believe, great as the victory won by General Bragg on the 20th really was, that if General Polk had

moved at daylight of that morning the victory would have been so much the greater that it might have resulted in the achievement of our independence, as suggested by General Bragg. It is certainly a heavy indictment against the dead Bishop that he by his inaction, disobedience of orders, or whatsoever you may term it, had sacrificed that boon for which the Southern people were contending, and had rendered nugatory and of no avail all their heroic exertions and sacrifices. It is sometimes best to let the dead past bury its dead; but in a case of this sort I think it due the memory of such a man that some one or more of General Polk's military family should tell us what he or they know on this subject.

JAMES N. GOGGIN,

A. A. General, McLaws's Division.

Austin, Texas, January 2, 1884.

Report of Brigadier-General E. W. Pettus of Operations at Lookout Mountain.

HEADQUARTERS PETTUS'S BRIGADE,
CAMP NEAR DALTON, GA., December 6, 1863.

Sir,—At half-past 12 o'clock on the 24th ultimo I was with my command on the top of Lookout Mountain, and was then ordered by Brigadier-General Brown, commanding Stevenson's division, to report, with three regiments of my command, to Brigadier-General Jackson, commanding at the Craven House. I moved at once with the Twentieth, Thirty-first and Forty-sixth Alabama regiments, and at the head of the column I found Brigadier-General Jackson at the point where the road to the Craven House leaves the road leading down the mountain. Communicating my orders, I was directed to hasten forward and reinforce Brigadier-General Moore at the Craven House.

On the way I met squads of Moore's and Walthall's brigades; and when about three hundred yards from the Craven House I found that that point had been carried by the enemy. The two brigades which had held the point had fallen back. Here I found Brigadier-General Walthall with the remnant of his command formed at right angles with and on the left of the road, gallantly fighting to stay the advance of the enemy. He informed me that he had lost a large

part of his command, that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that he could not hold the position he then had.

Having no time to send back for orders, and finding the fighting was then all on the left of the road, I moved my command, though right in front, by filing to the left directly up the mountain side to the rocky bluff. So soon as formed my command was faced by the rear rank, moved forward, relieving Walthall's brigade, and was at once engaged with the enemy. Whilst my command was moving into position I sent an officer to the right to find Brigadier-General Moore and to ascertain his condition and the position of his line. In this way I learned that Moore's left was about one hundred and fifty yards from my right and his right resting at the large rocks on the road above the mouth of Chattanooga Creek. I then went down to Moore's line and had a few moments' consultation with him, and at his request extended intervals to the right so as to connect with his line. These facts were communicated by me to Brigadier-General Jackson, with the request that he would come forward, look at the line and give us orders. But he did not come in person, but sent orders that the position must be held.

Meantime the enemy made repeated assaults on my left next to the bluff, but were bravely met and repulsed by the Twentieth Alabama regiment and four companies of the Thirty-first Alabama regiment.

Knowing that Brigadier-General Moore's line was weak and that his men were almost out of ammunition, I again sent Captain Smith, of my staff, to inform the Brigadier-General commanding as to the progress of the fight and to ask his assistance. Captain Smith found Brigadier-General Jackson at the headquarters of Major-General Stevenson, on the top of the mountain (who was then commanding the forces west of Chattanooga Creek), about one mile and a-half from the fight, where General Jackson informs me he had gone to confer with General Stevenson as to the mode in which the troops should be withdrawn in case the enemy should get possession of the mountain road. In answer to my communication I was directed to hold my position as long as possible. When I had to send again to the Brigadier-General commanding he was still on the top of the mountain. After my command had been engaged about two hours, Brigadier-General Walthall, having formed the remnant of his brigade and supplied his men with ammunition, returned with his command into the fight on the left, and our commands fought together from that time until relieved. It should be remarked that

during the day the fog was very dense on the mountain side. It was almost impossible to distinguish any object at the distance of one hundred yards. The enemy made no attack on my right or on Brigadier-General Moore's line. But the attack on the left was continued, and finding that the purpose of the enemy was to force my left, at the suggestion of Brigadier-General Walthall I ordered Captain Davis, commanding the Twentieth Alabama regiment, to move forward, keeping his left well up to the bluff, and drive the enemy from the higher ground they then held. The order was executed promptly and in gallant style. The higher ground was gained and held during the fight.

About 8 o'clock at night Clayton's brigade, commanded by Colonel Holtzclaw, relieved Walthall's brigade and the Twentieth and Thirty-first Alabama regiments of my command. These two regiments were withdrawn and formed in the road a short distance in the rear. Some time after this I went to the road leading down the mountain, and there met Brigadier-General Jackson coming down. He directed me to keep my command where it was and await orders, and then passed on down the mountain. After 1 o'clock that night I received orders from the Brigadier-General commanding to retire with my command across Chattanooga Creek at the upper bridge, which was done quietly and in good order.

Captains Gould and Smith, of my staff, bore themselves gallantly throughout the affair. Below is a statement of the casualties in my command. It is small. The day was dark and the men well sheltered on the rock.

I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

E. W. PETTUS,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

CASUALTIES IN PETTUS'S BRIGADE IN THE FIGHT OF 24TH ULT.

Killed, 9; wounded, 38; missing, 9. Total, 56.

Battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16th, 1864.**REPORT OF GENERAL R. F. HOKE.****HEADQUARTERS HOKE'S DIVISION, May 25th, 1864.**

Captain.—On Sunday, the 15th instant, the intention to attack the enemy on the morning of the 16th at early light was made known to me by the commanding General, while occupying the intermediate line of entrenchments around Drewry's Bluff, and confronting the enemy, who occupied the outer line of said entrenchments, extending his right through the woods in the direction of James river, while his left rested upon an elevated position across the railroad, with his masses immediately in front of our right and resting upon the railroad.

The commanding General, seeing the right was the weak point of the enemy, determined upon this as the point of attack. The brigades of Colquitt and Ransom were ordered relieved by an extension of my line to the right, which placed my division in line of battle, commencing at Fort Stephens, with Hagood's brigade on the left, Johnson's on his right, then Clingman, with Corse upon his right. These two brigades, under the command of General Colquitt, were held in reserve immediately in rear of Hagood's brigade. The division commanded by Major-General Ransom, being in the field on our extreme left, was to turn the right of the enemy and pivot upon his right and connect with my left, while I was to engage the enemy in front with strong lines of skirmishers, and also open upon them with all my artillery. At the earliest dawn I ordered my entire artillery to open and advanced the skirmishers of my whole front, and awaited the movement on my left for one hour before advancing my line of battle, thinking it would require this length of time to make the move, and knowing I must lose heavily by an advance upon the front, which it was the desire of the commanding General to avoid by the flank move. Owing to the dense fog I could see nothing of the movement of Major-General Ransom, and supposing by this time the right of the enemy had been turned, I ordered forward the brigades of Hagood and Johnson, with one section of Lieutenant-Colonel Eschelman's artillery, and found the enemy still occupying our entire line of entrenchments in heavy force, supported by eight pieces of artillery, with a second line of entrenchments along the line of woods immediately in front of our outer line of works.

After commencing the move I could not recede, and ordered an attack by these two brigades, which was handsomely and gallantly done, which resulted in the capture of five pieces of artillery by Hagood's brigade and a number of prisoners, besides killing and wounding many, and also in occupying the works. One regiment on the left of Hagood's brigade extended across the outer line of works in the direction of James river, which was ordered forward to connect with the right of General Ransom's division, but to my amazement found the enemy in strong force behind entrenchments. It was not intended that this regiment should attack the enemy in this position, as the movement was to be made by the troops on the left; but they, in their eagerness to enter the engagement, did so, and I am sorry to say suffered most heavily. When it was seen that the enemy still occupied my front this regiment was ordered back to the line of entrenchments to await the further development of the flank movement. In the meantime the enemy made two charges upon the front of Hagood and Johnson to retake the lost works and artillery, but were most handsomely repulsed, and were followed on the left of Hagood's brigade and driven from the woods in their front, and with the assistance of our artillery the "*pike*" was cleared of the enemy before the flanking column reached that point. During this time the masses of the enemy between our intermediate and outer line of works had moved upon the right flank and rear of General Johnson, which was some distance on the right of the pike and in the outer line of works, and made his position quite critical; but the stubbornness of the General made it all right. He was repeatedly attacked in this position, but repulsed every effort of the enemy.

It was at this time I was anxious to get a brigade to throw down the outer line of works, which would have completely placed that portion of the enemy in the woods between our outer and intermediate lines at our mercy; but owing to a misunderstanding of the officer who conducted these forces they were placed in position improperly, and were of no avail during these repeated attacks upon the right of General Johnson. I became alarmed for him, as he had several times sent to me for assistance, and ordered two regiments of Clingman's brigade to report to him, which I did with great reluctance, as I felt it would defeat my plans on my right; but necessity compelled me. In order, also, to relieve the position of General Johnson, which was our key, I ordered forward Corse with his brigade and Clingman with his two regiments. They went forward in good style and drove the enemy from their front, but owing to the

superior numbers and strong entrenchments they were not able to drive them entirely from their positions.

The commanding General will recollect that I before stated that the strength of the enemy was in front of these two brigades, both in position and forces, and therefore great credit should be given them for their actions. They were both small commands, but did their duty well. At the time the attack was made the enemy felt as if our forces were coming on them from all sides, and commenced retreating hastily. The losses of these commands were necessarily heavy, owing to a front attack.

I cannot refrain from calling the attention of the General commanding to the fact that his desire to relieve my command of a front attack by the flank move was in no portion of the line accomplished, in consequence of which my losses were very heavy.

My brigade commanders entered into the move with spirit, and rendered every co-operation, for which I am under many obligations. A report of casualties has been furnished. I respectfully call attention to the names who are spoken of for gallantry mentioned in the enclosed reports of the brigade commanders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

R. F. HOKE,

Major-General.

Captain J. M. Otey, A. A. General.

REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD.

HEADQUARTERS HAGOOD'S BRIGADE,
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS,

May 22d, 1864.

Captain Adams, Acting Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN,—I am directed to submit a report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Brewry's Bluff, of the 16th instant.

My command occupied the left of our second or intermediate line, embracing Fort Stephens, and with its right on the turnpike. The enemy occupied our exterior line of breastworks, which had been previously abandoned, supported by a battery of five pieces where the turnpike crosses these works, with skirmishers well thrown out towards us. They had also constructed a second line of works in rear of this, at some two hundred yards distance, and had entangled the *abattis* between the two lines with wire.

Shortly after General Ransom's division had engaged the enemy on my left, and while his advance was still paralleled to my line, I was ordered to advance and drive the enemy from our outer line of works. This was happily accomplished under cover of the early daylight without serious loss—the brigade capturing the battery of five pieces before referred to and several prisoners. My men now occupied this outer line, a desultory exchange of shots going on between it and the enemy's second line of works. Three companies of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment on my extreme right were also at this time thrown back perpendicular to my front, to assist by a flank fire Johnson's brigade, which was driving the enemy from the portion of the outer line on my right.

General Ransom's division had now, in accordance with the plan of battle, advanced some three hundred yards in front of my left, and was pivoting upon its right to sweep the enemy by a flank attack from the woods and works in front of our centre. At this time I was ordered by the Division Commander to change front forward to the right and form line of battle parallel to the turnpike. In accomplishing this, my left drove the enemy from that portion of their second line of works which it struck, and the whole movement was much impeded by the *abattis* and wire entanglement referred to. I now held the turnpike with my line at right angles to the general line of battle. General Ransom's division advancing in echelon full eight hundred yards upon and in rear of my left, the enemy firing obliquely upon my rear from the woods between General Ransom and myself, and I was immediately attacked by a heavy force in my front. The position was obstinately held in the hope that the advance of the division on my left and the brigade on my right would relieve me. Seeing, however, that the brigade was suffering severely, and the regiment on the left having, under orders of its Colonel, (properly given under the circumstances), begun to retire from the heavy pressure of the enemy upon its flank, I directed the resumption of our former position behind our outer line of works. The enemy almost immediately retreated from my immediate front.

Subsequently my brigade was put in position to protect the right flank of the division from an apprehended attack which did not occur, and Colonel Gaillard's regiment (Twenty-Seventh) was detached to assist General Ransom's further advance down the general line of battle.

The brigade generally behaved with a steadiness and gallantry that was extremely gratifying. Colonel Gantt, Colonel Gaillard, Lieutenant-

Colonel Nelson, Major Glover, and Captain Wilds, commanding regiments, discharged their duty with marked ability. Major Rion, of the Seventh South Carolina Battalion, and Captain Brooks, of the same, behaved with conspicuous gallantry, continuing with their commands, the former throughout the day and the latter until I ordered him to the rear after he had received three severe wounds. The severity of the fire of the enemy is illustrated by the fact that fifty-seven bullet marks were found upon the flag of the Seventh Battalion South Carolina Volunteers after the fight, and in one of its companies there were sixty-five casualties, of which nineteen were killed outright.

The general list of casualties appended will show that the losses of this battalion were scarcely exceptional.

My staff, Captain Molony and Lieutenants Mazyck and Martin, behaved with great gallantry and marked efficiency. They were all dismounted by the enemy's fire during the fight. Captain Molony having a second horse, which he obtained during the day, killed.

I also desire to mention for meritorious conduct coming under my immediate observation the name of Private I. K. Williams, of the Twenty-Seventh.

The casualties of the brigade were 433. Its field return of the preceding day was 2,235.

I append a list of names mentioned for gallantry by regimental commanders, many of which came also under my observation.

A number of prisoners were captured by the brigade, but as they were hurried immediately to the rear, I can only estimate the number loosely at 300, including several officers.

The battery captured, consisted of three Napoleons and two twenty-pounder Parrotts, fully equipped, and was turned over to Colonel Waddy with a request that it be assigned to Captain Owens, of the Washington Artillery, whose fire materially assisted in its capture.

Officers and men mentioned for gallant conduct by regimental commanders:

In Twenty-Seventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers: Lieutenant Gelling, Company "C," Acting-Adjutant; Color-Bearer Tupper; Private H. P. Foster, Company "D," of Color Guard; First Sergeant Pickens B. Watts, Company "E."

In Seventh Battalion South Carolina Volunteers: Sergeant J. H. Onby, Company "H," Color-Bearer, killed.

In Eleventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers: Lieutenant H. W. G. Bowman, Color-Bearer Hickman, Company "B;" Privates J.

Jones, G. W. Hicks, Company "K;" Private A. P. Bulger, Company "D;" Private A. Mixson, Company "F."

In Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers: Private W. A. Dotteur, Company "A;" Private Wise, Company "F;" Sergeant B. P. Izlan, Company "G;" Private J. T. Shewmake, Company "G;" Sergeant H. J. Greer, Company "B."

I am, Captain, respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Wolseley's Tribute to Lee and Jackson.

The great English soldier, *Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley*, who is regarded by competent judges as standing at the very head of his profession, wrote last December to an accomplished lady of Mobile, Ala., now residing in New York, a letter worth preserving in our records as the calm, unprejudiced estimate of a distinguished foreign soldier.

We give it in full as follows:

WAR OFFICE, LONDON,
8th December, 1883.

My Dear Miss S.,—I am very grateful for your kind letter and for the valuable autographs it contains. I have long been collecting the letters of eminent people, but have had much difficulty in obtaining those of the great men on your side of the Atlantic. I have only known two heroes in my life, and General R. E. Lee is one of them, so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the "North," General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest General you have ever had, and second as a patriot only to Washington himself. Stonewall Jackson, I only knew slightly, his name will live forever also in American history when that of Mr. U. S. Grant has been long forgotten, such at least is my humble opinion of these men when viewed by an outside student of military history who has no local prejudice. I am glad to hear that my much-valued friend, Mrs. L., is well and happy. She was one of the brightest and most lovable women I have ever known; please remember me to her affectionately should you soon write to her.

I enclose you a photograph with my great pleasure. I shall indeed

be proud that it finds a place in your collection. I am also sending one direct to General Beauregard, with my best thanks for his kindness in letting me have the autograph letters you have so kindly sent me.

That of General Beauregard is one that I shall always prize. I am indeed very grateful to you for telling me to keep it.

Again thanking you most sincerely for your kindness to me in this matter, believe me to remain,

Very faithfully yours,

· WOLSELEY.

The Burning of Columbia—Affidavit of Mrs. Agnes Law.

[The following affidavit was contained in the report of the committee of citizens who investigated the burning of Columbia, but was by some means omitted from the copy from which we printed the report. It is of sufficient value to be now subjoined:]

"Of the suffering and distress of the individual inhabitants some conception may be collected from the individual experience of one of them, Mrs. Agnes Law, a lady more venerable for her virtues even than for her age, whose narrative, almost entire, we venture to introduce :

" 'I am seventy-two years old,' she deposes, 'and have lived in this town forty-eight years. My dwelling was a brick house, three stories, slate roof, with large gardens on two sides. When Columbia was burned my sister was with me, also a niece of mine, recently confined, who had not yet venturned out of the house. When General Sherman took possession I got four guards; they were well-behaved and sober men. I gave them supper. One lay down on the sofa; the others walked about. When the city began to burn I wished to remove my furniture; they objected and said my house was in no danger. Not long afterwards these guards themselves took lighted candles from the mantelpiece and went up stairs. At the same time other soldiers crowded into the house. My sister followed them up-stairs, but came down very soon to say, 'They are setting the curtains on fire.' Soon the whole house was in a blaze. When those who set fire up-stairs came down they said to me, 'Old woman, if you do not mean to burn up with your house you had better get out of it.' My niece had been carried up to the Taylor house, on Arsenal Hill. I went to the door to see if I could get any person I knew to assist me up

there. I had been very sick. I could see no friend—only crowds of Federal soldiers. I was afraid I should fall in the street and be burned up in the flames of the houses blazing on both sides of the street. I had to go alone. I spent that night at the Taylor house, which a Federal officer said should not be burned out of pity for my niece. The next two nights I passed in my garden without any shelter. I have been for over fifty years a member of the Presbyterian Church. I cannot live long. I shall meet General Sherman and his soldiers at the bar of God, and I give this testimony against them in the full view of that dread tribunal.'"

The Blue and the Gray.

A Poem by REV. J. G. WALKER, of Philadelphia.

As years passed on, from homes apart
Our brothers sped themselves away;
With fierce intent in every heart,
Some wore the Blue and some the Gray.

They marched to fields of deadly strife,
And met in fratricidal fray;
With purpose strong as love of life—
Some fought in Blue and some in Gray.

Each deemed his cause both true and just,
And bravely strove to win the day;
And of the hosts who bit the dust,
Some fell in Blue and some in Gray.

Where flowers bloom in southern vales,
Where waters dash in crystal spray,
Where hills are fanned by northern gales,
Some sleep in Blue and some in Gray.

On mansion and on cottage wall,
Hang the dead heroes of the fray,
Whose mute lips answer not the call
Of comrades wearing Blue and Gray.

And out from homes both South and North,
The orphaned children bend their way;
And widowed mothers issue forth,
To drop their tears on Blue and Gray.

Over the dead the same sun throws
His warm, benignant, peaceful sway;
And in their undisturbed repose,
The Blue lies buried with the Gray.

Night darkens all the deep abyss,
And stars shoot forth with silver ray;
The moonlight pales and dew-drops kiss
The moss-grown graves of Blue and Gray.

Ye living, bring your garlands fair,
And clasp your hands anew to-day!
One flag yet floats upon the air;
We're brothers still, both Blue and Gray!

Is the "Eclectic History of the United States a Proper Book to use in our Schools?"

We promised in our last issue to fully ventilate this question, and asked that teachers, Confederate soldiers and others in position to know would send us their opinions.

We have several responses, and among them the following from Colonel William Allan, superintendent of McDonogh Institute, Maryland.

To those who know Colonel Allan, no words from us are necessary to enhance the value of his opinions upon this question.

A distinguished Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, and for several years a teacher in one of the best academies in Virginia. For some years after the war one of the accomplished professors whom General Lee called around him to make Washington College an institution of such high grade, and for several years the able and efficient head of McDonogh Institute, Colonel Allan stands in the very forefront of practical teachers, and his opinions about text-books are of highest value.

Serving on the staff of General Stonewall Jackson, General Ewell, General Early, and General Gordon, Colonel Allan has added to his personal knowledge of the events of the war, a most careful study of official documents and reliable statements on both sides, and has won a wide reputation as a painstaking, accurate, and able military critic.

His paper is, therefore, of highest authority, and we give it in full (as a brief and general statement of the character of this book) before going into our own more detailed citation of its errors.

THE ECLECTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, BY M. E. THALHEIMER.

[A Review, by Colonel William Allan.]

This book is one of those worthless school histories which we suppose will be written and printed as long as money can be made by doing so. The Eclectic History has been manufactured—like oleomargarine—to sell. Many devices have been resorted to in order to increase its salableness, some good, but more of them bad. It is printed on good paper and in clear type. It has a profusion of illustrations, many excellent, others poor, and one at least bewildering (p. 242). It contains a number of mediocre maps, badly colored, and indifferently well adapted to their purpose. It

contains a copy of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. It has the stock "questions for review." It has a number of biographical notes at the end of each chapter, some very good, all gotten up with the aim of pleasing everybody and offending no one. Thus especial care is taken to put in laudatory notices of some of the Southern leaders in the civil war. But when we look farther than this into the real merits of the book, we find little to commend.

1. It is strongly partisan, not in using unseemly language about Southern men and institutions, but in the pictures it presents of historical facts, and the description it gives of historical characters. A single instance will illustrate. On page 268 we find the following: "The Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, and that slaves might be carried into any territory of the Union. But this was contrary to the ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in the northwest territory." Thus, by an unfair and disingenuous statement, the reader is taught that the Supreme Court deliberately destroyed what the author had elsewhere (p. 190) described as "not a mere act of Congress which could be repealed, * * * but a solemn compact between the inhabitants of the Territory * * * and the people of the thirteen States." The next sentences (p. 268) contain the only allusion to John Brown in the text, and are as follows: "The excitement became greater when John Brown, formerly of Kansas, actually invaded the State of Virginia with a party of about twenty men, for the purpose of liberating slaves. He gained possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, thinking to arm the negroes, whom he expected to join him. He was easily captured—his party being either killed or dispersed—and was tried, convicted, and put to death under the laws of Virginia."

"Invaded the State of Virginia" is good! We hear nothing, however, of Booth and his accomplices "invading" Washington, and attacking President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. They are murderers. Contrast with this description of John Brown the following, on page 276, which the author adopts from Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address:

"He threw upon the politicians of the South the whole responsibility of the calamities which must follow the destruction of the Union, assuring them there could be no conflict unless they themselves should choose to begin it." It is a cruel outrage to teach the children of those men who died for the South on every field from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande such stuff as this.

This kind of tone is not confined to the author's chapters on the war. Even those on the settlement of Virginia and of Massachusetts show the same.

2. The book is shamefully inaccurate. The following is the description of the first battle of Manassas on page 278: "General Beauregard commanded the Confederate army of 40,000 men; General McDowell's forces consisted of a nearly equal number of volunteers for ninety days. For six hours the Northern men stood their ground, and kept or regained all their positions. The Confederates were once broken and driven a mile and a-half from the field, but they were rallied by Stonewall Jackson, whose inflexible bravery

and noble character made him one of the great heroes of the war. At the moment when the Confederate cause seemed lost, suddenly General Kirby Smith arrived with fresh forces for their relief. The Union troops, exhausted by intense heat and furious fighting, were thrown into confusion, and battle was changed to flight. * * * * Later in the evening Colonel Einstein, of Pennsylvania, returned to the battle-field and brought off six cannons." The errors in this are so numerous that it would suit about as well for the description of any other battle as for that of Manassas. General Beauregard did not command the Confederate army; that did not contain 40,000 men; McDowell's forces were not inferior in numbers to it, and they were not entirely composed of "volunteers for ninety days." As the Union army was the attacking party, to speak of them standing their ground or keeping their positions is sheer nonsense. The Confederate forces were driven back, but they were not rallied by Stonewall Jackson; nor were any cannon taken from the *battle-field* late in the day by Federal troops.

Of Jackson's death at Chancellorsville, it is said (page 297), "He was returning in the evening to his camp, when he was fired upon through a blunder of some of his own men, and was mortally wounded." Jackson was killed during a lull in the battle while he was preparing to press his victory further. Nothing could be wider of the mark than to say he was returning to his camp.

In regard to Gettysburg, it is said (pages 297-8), "The armies were equal in numbers, each counting 80,000 men. * * * * The Southern loss is said to have been 36,000; that of the North, 23,000." There is no excuse at this day for so gross a misstatement of facts. Lee's force was between 60,000 and 70,000 men, Meade's something over 100,000. The losses were about equal, and were in the neighborhood of the figures given above as the Northern loss.

On page 311 we find: "On the 1st of April Sheridan advanced to Five Forks, twelve miles in rear of Lee's position, and captured its garrison of 5,000 men." Five Forks was not in Lee's rear and had no "garrison." It was the scene of a pitched battle between Sheridan and Pickett, where the Confederates were badly defeated and lost many prisoners.

Again, on page 312, we have: "Finally, on the 9th, Lee surrendered his entire command, then consisting of less than 28,000 men, at Appomattox Courthouse, Va." As Lee's command was 20,000 less than 28,000 at the surrender, the author might have been satisfied with a smaller margin.

This same sort of carelessness may be found through the book from the earlier pages, where Richmond is made a flourishing settlement in 1660, downwards.

3. But after all, these, though important, are not the chief defects. The whole book is a poor, scrappy, ill-arranged syllabus, written much in the style of an abridged dictionary, and the study of its pages under the guidance of the questions for review and of the synopses given would be about as valuable and interesting to the children for whom it is intended as the study of so many pages of an inaccurate and badly compiled dictionary. It is about as well suited to strengthen and develop mind as sawdust is to promote the growth of muscle.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE R. E. LEE CAMP FAIR opened in Richmond on the night of the 14th of May under the most flattering and promising auspices.

We have no space to describe the brilliant occasion—the beautiful decorations, the piles of useful and fancy articles sent with liberal hand from all parts of the country, the crowd which packed the large armory hall, the speeches of Corporal Tanner, of New York, and General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, the appearance of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, and Phil. Kearney Post, G. A. R., marching in fraternal ranks, and many other features too numerous to mention—but we will only say that the opening was a sure prophecy that the Fair will prove a grand success and add handsomely to the fund already in hand towards establishing here in Richmond a "Home" for disabled and needy Confederate soldiers of every State.

The following letters, selected from a large number received, coming from representative men of opposite sides well express the feeling with which this great enterprise is being prosecuted.

FROM GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1884.

Peyton Wise, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the formal invitation to be present at the opening of the Fair for the home of disabled Confederate soldiers on the 14th of this month, and your kind letter accompanying it.

If it was possible for me to do so I would accept this invitation, but, as you may know, I am still on crutches—not from injuries received in conflict with those in whose behalf the Fair is given—and cannot hope to be in good traveling condition for some months yet.

I hope your Fair may prove a success, and that the object contemplated may receive a support which will give to all the brave men who need it a home and a rest from cares.

The men who faced each other in deadly conflict can well afford to be the best of friends now, and only strive for rivalry in seeing which can be the best citizens of the grandest country on earth.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

It should be added to General Grant's honor that the above letter was written amidst his severe pecuniary troubles, and that he had previously contributed five hundred dollars (\$500) to the fund.

FROM GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1884.

Hon. Peyton Wise, Chairman:

MY DEAR SIR,—You will understand how grateful to my sensibilities are the contents of your letter of May 5th, and how gladly I should accept the invitation of the committee and yourself. It seems now, however, impossible for me to get away from New York at the time designated. I have delayed answering, hoping that I should be in Washington and would be

able to go thence to Richmond, so as to take part in the pleasing and imposing ceremonies at the opening of the Fair. My whole heart is in this cause, but I must deny myself the pleasure of being with you bodily on the 14th. I shall be there, however, in spirit.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. GORDON.

It may be proper to say to our friends everywhere that this effort to establish a Confederate Home on a proper foundation will need large sums in addition to what we may be able to realize from the Fair; that additional contributions will be thankfully received, and that if we can be of any service in giving information or conveying funds to the treasury we should be glad for our friends to command us.

RENEWALS were never more "in order" than *just now*. We have due us, in small sums all over the country, *over three thousand dollars*, which would be a very small matter to the individual subscribers, but is a very great matter to us.

We beg our friends to remit *at once*.

ROSTER CORRECTIONS.—General Lane calls attention to the fact that our types in the April number made us change into "*Coward*" the name of the gallant Colonel, *R. V. Cowan*, of the Thirty-Third North Carolina, whose death since the war has been so widely lamented by old comrades and friends.

The following makes important corrections in the artillery organization Army of Tennessee, which we take pleasure in publishing:

FEAGAN'S, HOUSTON CO., GA., April 7, 1864.

Rev. J. William Jones. Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR,—In reviewing your published list of the artillery battalions of General Bragg's army engaged at the battle of Chickamauga, I find several errors, which I hope you will not think it vanity or presumption in me to ask corrected, for I think it due not only to myself but to the batteries that opened the fight, and who suffered most, that they should be mentioned. Very little artillery was brought into the action, the density of the forest not permitting its use. The fight was opened early Saturday morning by Captains Lumsden's, Little's and Yates's batteries, who went with Colonel Nilson's Georgia regiment, Colonel Ector's Texas regiment and a Georgia battalion (name of Major forgotten), to assist General Forest to hold the enemy in check until General Bragg could be informed of General Rosecrans's approach. The above troops were from Major-General W. H. T. Walker's reserve corps, composed of General Walker's division, commanded by General Gist, and General Liddel's division.

On the formation of the new corps I was ordered to report to General Walker, and placed in command of his artillery, and Major Felix Robertson ordered to my battalion, the Fourteenth Georgia artillery, Reserve Artillery A. T.

Reserve Artillery A. T., composed of Major Felix Robertson's command; Anderson's Battery, Georgia, Commander Anderson; Havis Battery, Georgia, Commander Havis; Massenburg Battery, Georgia, Commander Massenburg; Basset Battery, Missouri, Commander Basset.

Artillery of General Walker's corps, Major Joseph Palmer commander.
 Liddel's division, Captain Charles Suett commander.
 Lumsden's Battery, Ala., Lumsden commander.
 Yates Battery, Mississippi, Yates commander.
 Suett Battery, Mississippi, Lieutenant Shannon.
 Higgins Battery, Mississippi, Captain Little commanding.
 General Gist's Division, Major Robert Martin commander:
 Ferguson's Battery, First South Carolina, Ferguson commander.
 Houel's Battery, Georgia, Houel commander.
 Bledsoe's Battery, Missouri, Bledsoe commander.
 Le Gardeau Battery, Louisiana, Le Gardeau commander.
 Hoping I have not trespassed upon your time, or asked too much of you,
 I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH PALMER.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following from the gallant Colonel R. A. Hardaway, concerning the Artillery Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia:

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA,
 TUSCALOOSA, May, 3, 1884.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,—In the January and February (double) number of the *SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS* is published "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, August 31, 1864."

"Corrections earnestly solicited if errors are found."

I do not see the "PAPERS," not being a subscriber. This number was kindly lent me by Mrs. Gorgas.

In the Artillery of Second corps, Brown's battalion, Colonel J. T. Brown. Powhatan Artillery, Captain W. J. Dance, &c., &c.

Colonel John Thompson Brown (having been for more than a year previously in command of a division, consisting of two or more batteries, Colonel Thomas H. Carter being in command of the other division of the Artillery of the Second corps), was killed in the battle of the Wilderness May 4th, 1864. Major David Watson, of the same battalion, technically First Regiment Virginia Light Artillery, was killed on the 10th May, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert A. Hardaway had been in actual command of this battalion since August, 1863.

After the death of Colonel J. T. Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway was, by order of General R. E. Lee, assigned to permanent command, the same order designating it Hardaway's Battalion.

As such battalion—Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway in actual command, Major Willis J. Dance absent, wounded—it was surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

It is an historical fact, that the last shot of the Army of Northern Virginia was fired by the Third Richmond Howitzers, one of the batteries of this battalion.

Very respectfully,

R. A. HARDAWAY.